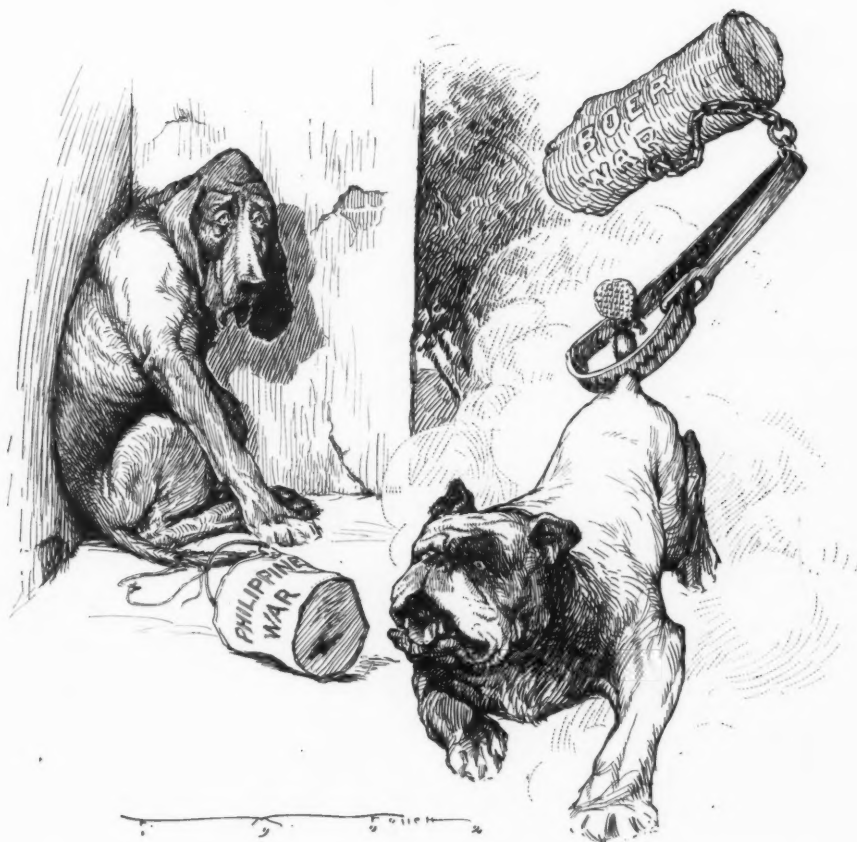


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TWO DOGS OF WAR.

Accidents All The Time

Nearly every person sooner or later meets with an accident. Injuries usually mean loss of income and added expense.

200 persons were injured by the Dynamite Explosion in New York City, January 27th.

An Accident Policy

In The Travelers (the largest and strongest Accident Insurance Company in the world) guarantees a weekly income while disabled and large amount for loss of legs, arms, hands, feet or eyes. If death ensues a stated sum is paid. Nearly \$26,000,000 have been distributed among 378,000 policy holders or their families, for injuries or death.

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Odorless. Noiseless. Cleanly
Superior Battery Capacity. Economical
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By the Author of Amos Judd

The Pines of Lory

A NEW STORY BY J. A. MITCHELL

DECORATIVE DESIGNS BY A. D. BASHFIELD
BOUND IN GREEN AND GOLD. PRICE, \$1.50.

"Laden with the odor of the pines and charged with the ozone of a sea-girt island of the north, comes 'The Pines of Lory.'"—*The Globe*, St. Paul, Minn.

"It is a book which no lodge in any vast wilderness can be complete without."—*Mail and Express*, N. Y. City.

"A fresh and charming love story, in which humor is as much to the fore as the tender passion."—*The Literary Digest*, N. Y. City.

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POLLY

POLLY is one of the ten heads that compose the GILBERT PORTFOLIO OF PRETTY GIRLS. It is an oval, 8 x 11, carefully printed in tone on tinted, heavy paper, and mounted ready for framing, on heavy green boards; size, 15 x 19.

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Life Publishing Company

19 West Thirty-first Street

NEW YORK CITY

LIFE

'The "New, New Song."

FOR MODERN LADS.



WHEN all the world is Morgan's, lad, and all the seas between;

And every lamb a Sage, lad, and every lass a Green;
Then hey for automobile, lad, and to Wall Street away;
Young bulls must make their pile, lad, or bears may have their day.

When all the oil is Rockefeller's, and all the stocks are Hill's;
And all the railways Vanderbilt's, or Gould's, or D. O. Mills';
To England in your airship, lad, of Schwab and Yerkes the peer;

God grant you find a billion there, to found a college here.

Maida Castelhum.

Our Personal Column.



HENRY JAMES is considering the editorship of the *Congressional Record*. That periodical is far too simple and interesting as it stands.

Mr. Winston Churchill says that the American historical novel has been exhausted, and he is now in Italy, studying up material for an Italian historical novel, the first part of which will be laid in the Paul Revere. After that he will visit in turn all the principal countries of the globe.

J. Pierpont Morgan is going to put an addition onto his art gallery. For this purpose he is considering the Louvre.

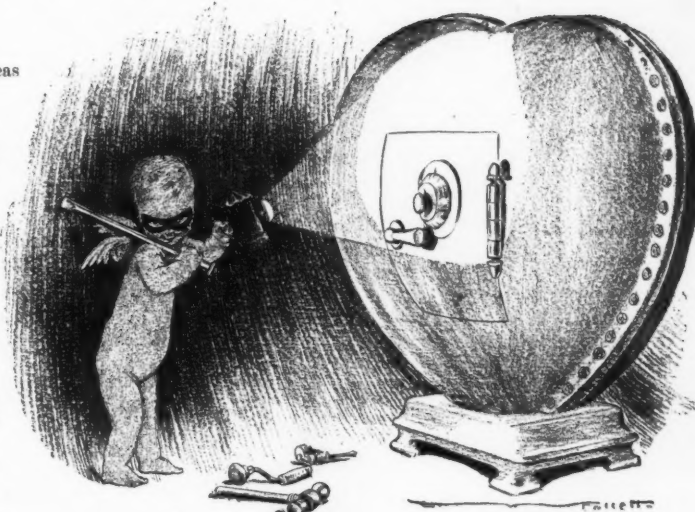
That genial Philadelphian, Mr. E. W. Bok of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, is in town looking up a new line of lingerie paragraphs. Mr. Bok is on his way to Saratoga to get points on some new gambling schemes for his enterprising paper.

Charles M. Schwab is an enthusiastic wheelman. He uses the Monte Carlo make exclusively.

W. J. Bryan will hereafter have the type used in the *Commoner* shot out of an air gun into the chases. It is thought this will improve the typographical appearance.

Miss Lillian Russell is now at work on some volumes dealing with her past life, in which practically everything of importance will be covered. It will be issued under the comprehensive title of "Husbands."

Professor Ernest Haeckel, the eminent scientist, has been trying to secure a living male specimen of the lowest order of human intelligence, one whose cranial conformation will tally most closely with the well-known Java skull of the missing link. It is said that as soon as this specimen has been discovered, and Professor Haeckel is through with him, he will be given a position



"ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE ARMOR-PLATED HEARTS FOR HEIRESESSES. WATCH ME BUST IT."

as editorial writer on the *New York Herald*.

A biograph picture of Ernest Seton-Thompson having his name changed while opening up a new department in *The Ladies' Home Journal* is now ready for use by theatrical agencies.

Tardy.

"HERE'S some more talk about the disposition of the Filipinos."

"Good gracious! Haven't they been disposed of yet?"

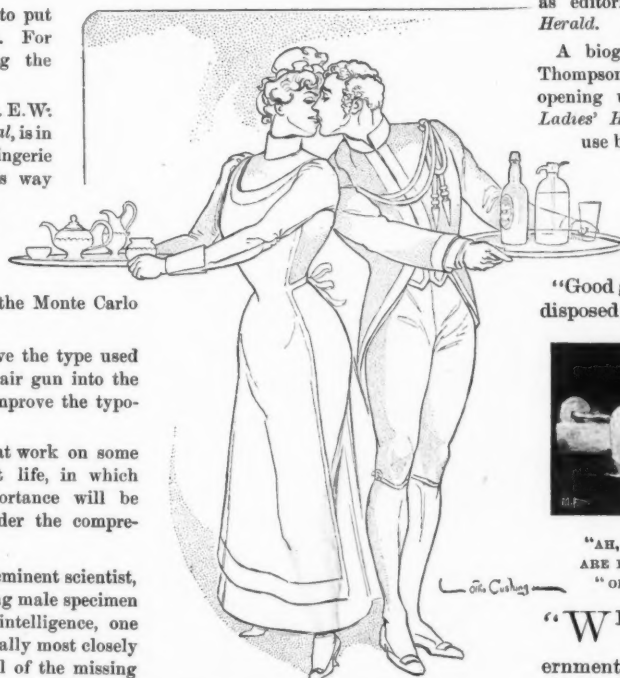


"AH, HA! THEY SAY EGGS THAT FLOAT ARE BAD!"

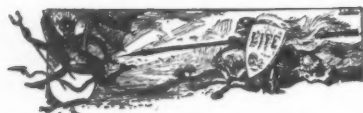
"OH, I'M A DUCK'S EGG!"

"WE seem to be on very good terms with the Danish Government," said Tomdik.

"True," added Hojack. "Uncle Sam and Denmark are playing Copenhagen."



"GOD FORG! YE THE CROOL ADVANTAGE YE'RE TAKIN' THIS MINUTE, JIM CONNOR—AN' ME HELPLESS!"



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXIX. FEB. 27, 1902. No. 1009.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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THE discussion whether England or Germany was Uncle Sam's true friend at the time of the war with Spain has become so intricate and so voluminous, and brought in so many conflicting statements, that it is of more value just now to fill space in the newspapers than for the edification of readers. It does not seem a very important discussion. We can all recall that English popular sentiment was almost universally on the side of this country, and that German, and German-American, sentiment was almost universally opposed to the war. That the German Government was perfectly discreet in its determination not to meddle is credible enough. At any rate, it didn't meddle. Nothing that Germany or England did, or did not do, three years ago will have any bearing on the reception given to Prince Henry. He is a good man and a very welcome guest, and we all want him to have the best possible time that can be devised in this pious country for a visitor who comes in the penitential, Lenten season. The President's school-boy son is getting well, and with the President's mind relieved of that anxiety there is nothing to hinder the Prince-Admiral's visit from being a pleasure both to us and to him. Germany is the most modern nation in

Europe; the one that has least to learn from this country about the things in which this country excels—education, machinery, and modern industrial methods. There is much for Prince Henry to see here, but, except that a glimpse at the United States must be instructive to any intelligent European, there is not much for him to learn here that he could not learn at home. So much the better for him. He will have the more time for the social pleasures and amenities which constitute the chief object of his visit.



THE papers say that the selection of Booker T. Washington as commencement orator at the Nebraska State University next June has displeased a number of Southern young men who are members of the senior class in that institution. They say, we are told, that the invitation to Mr. Washington is an insult to them, and five of them declare that they won't go to the graduating exercises unless the invitation is withdrawn. Nebraska is in about the same latitude as Pennsylvania and Iowa. Of course the invitation won't be withdrawn, and perhaps the five young men will have to stay away from meeting on Commencement Day. It is a pity about them. They came North to learn—not to teach. If they can borrow an atlas they must see that their local sentiments have no standing in Nebraska. Their remonstrance, though not of importance in itself, is curiously contrary to sound policy. It is the policy of the South to uphold the right of every section of the country to use its own discretion in defining the social standing of negroes. Yet these Southern lads try to set up Louisiana standards in Nebraska. Their folks at home should give them some advice.

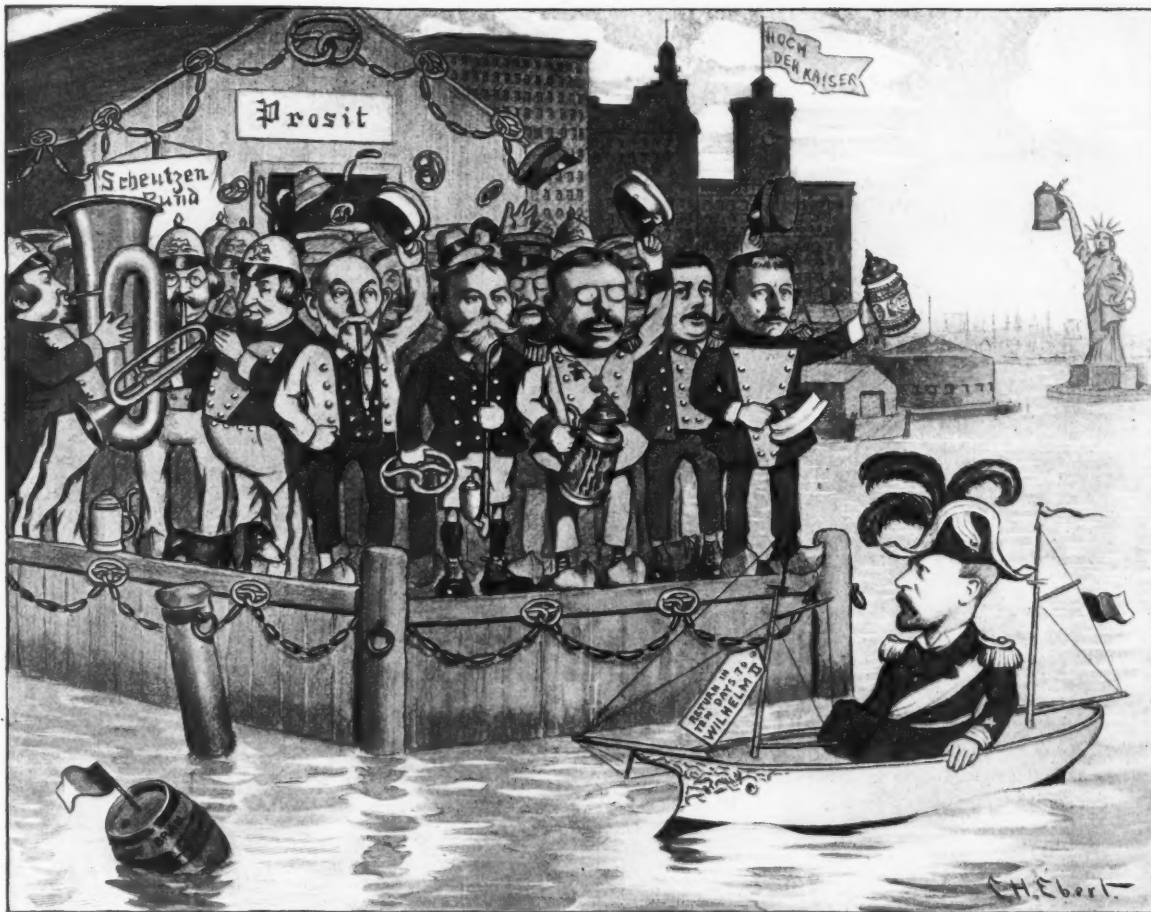


IT is noticed with regret that the President has felt constrained for the present to withdraw the nomination of Benjamin F. Daniels to be

United States Marshal in Arizona. There have been many complications about Mr. Daniels's appointment. He was a valorous and efficient Rough-Rider in Colonel Roosevelt's regiment, and before that he had been an intrepid dealer for a faro-bank. Dealing at faro and rough-riding seem to be the only industries in which he has heretofore demonstrated his efficiency. The President thought he had the stuff in him to make a first-rate marshal in Arizona, where a marshal's duties often call for ardent and affirmative grit and readiness in the use of weapons. Probably he was right. Anyhow, he appointed Daniels in spite of his record at faro. The appointment was withdrawn because of allegations which seemed well-founded that Daniels has served terms in the penitentiary. It seems to accord with civil-service principles that it should be open to a man who has been in the penitentiary to become an officer of the law, but there is a prejudice in Arizona against that sort of promotion in line. Daniels says the ministers have undone him, and that if he doesn't get the marshalship he will be constrained to make a living out of faro. His case appeals strongly to the sympathies of the sporting public.



DANIELS is probably a good man if you get him in the right place. As a rough-rider he seems to have been a great success. If it should turn out that he won't do for the Arizona marshalship, why shouldn't the American Board give him employment in its ransom department? Judging from the Board's experience in Miss Stone's case, there will be need of earnest workers in that department. Or if Mr. Daniels doesn't mind living in New York, there ought to be use for a number of men of his kind to protect society from the automobilists. The police merely act after the homicide is done. What we need is action prompt enough to prevent homicide, and yet so expertly directed as not to harm by-standers. At present too many automobilists survive their victims.



PRINCE AHoy!

Popularity.

THE Delicate Attentions which are being shown us by our Elders in the Family of Nations are calculated to Warm our Hearts. Of course we have been Earning our own Living now for some time. But lately the news seems to have gotten about that we have a Tidy Penny laid by in the Savings Bank, and that after Office Hours we have devoted an Occasional Evening to Boxing Lessons. The result is an Unaccustomed Silence when we speak and a more Deferential Greeting when we Walk Abroad. Witness the Family Bickerings as to who called off the Dogs of War! Mother says that she saw them Sniffing 'Round and threw a Rolling Pin at them. Alexander says, Not much! It was he with his Little Knout, he Scared them Away. And Willie? Willie says we are Much Mistaken if we think we heard him say "S-s-s-sick 'em" —he was really Whistling

to the Dogs! And so Brother Henry is coming to Visit us, and Alexander wants us to fix a few Battle Ships for him, and Mother says we always were her Favorite Child. It is all Extremely Gratifying and Pleasant to find how much they Really Think of us, but let us still keep up the Savings Bank habit and—how about a few Fencing Lessons?

New Books.

THE Right of Way, by Marconi.
In the Fog, by Mayor Low.
Slaughter of the Innocents, by Kitchener.
God's Fool, by Anthony Comstock.
Dry and I, by Carrie Nation.
The Outcasts, by Richard Croker.
The Portion of Labor, by Theodore Shaffer.
Yawps, by Sam Jones.
The Octopus, by Pierpont Morgan.

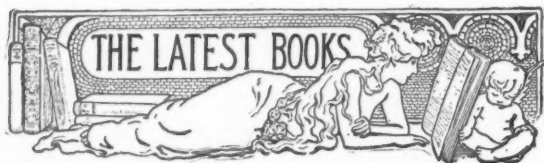


"THAT COUSIN OF YOURS IS IN A SAD PREDICAMENT."
"STILL IN GOOD SPIRITS, HOWEVER."

SMALL preachers have long prayers.

America to the Dutch Republics.

YOU fight as I have fought, O may you win
As I have won! The selfsame tyranny
That seeks to thrall you sought to make of me
A province and to wreak the shameful sin
Of bondage on my brows—and I am free!
I gave my tears and blood till England's greed
Was starved of me; the scions of my seed
Margin their empire with the ceaseless sea.
What tho' my memories sleep, they are not dead;
Sisters in struggle, you have stirred to flame
Their ashes, you who bleed as once I bled,
Where, in the bloody paths my feet have trod,
Your armies march against the hosts of shame
Stern in the service of the selfsame God.



THE promises held out in the earlier work of Alice Brown are more than fulfilled in her new book, *Margaret Warren*. This picture of a bit of Boston Bohemia is a very vivid one, and the dozen characters of the little circle are excellently drawn. The book is decidedly worth reading. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

Bagsby's Daughter, by Bessie and Marie Van Vorst, is an amusing example of what remarkable things can upon occasion find their way into cloth bindings. When the hero follows his introductory bow to the heroine by an instant proposal of marriage, one reflects that, after all, the scene is in Chicago. But when the St. Louis ties up to the Sandy Hook lightship to drop the pilot, the sensitive reader throws up his hands. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

A very pretty story by Grace MacGowan Cooke and Annie Booth McKinney is called *Mistress Joy, a Tale of Natchez in 1798*. It deals with the contrasting characters of a body of Methodist pioneers and the more worldly adventurers who crowded into our newly-acquired territory in the opening years of the nineteenth century. (The Century Company.)

God Wills It, by William Stearns Davis, is a pageant of medieval chivalry-romance founded upon the story of the First Crusade. It is agreeably written and takes full advantage of the opportunities presented by the picturesque mixture of races in Southern Europe during the eleventh century. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Mrs. Genevieve Stebbins has written *The Delsarte System of Expression* on the principle, old as the mysteries of Isis, that the less your votaries are allowed to understand the more exalted will be their opinion of your esoteric learning. It is a verbal masquerade ball where the technical terms of all the arts circulate in grotesque and unrecognizable disguise. Delsarte might well have prayed to be defended from his friends. (Edgar S. Werner Publishing Company. \$2.00.)

F. Berkeley Smith approaches his subject in *The Real Latin Quarter* with a thorough understanding born of long experience and discriminating sympathy. The result is a picture often attractive, sometimes repellent, but always convincing. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.20.)

Under the title of *Music and Its Masters*, O. B. Boise publishes

an interesting treatise upon the nature, origin and evolution of music and musical appreciation. It is especially recommended to non-musical readers anxious to comprehend the nature of the æsthetic sense which, in its more subtle form, has been denied them. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Story of Manhattan, by Charles Hemstreet, is a history intended for young readers and is, in style and treatment, excellently adapted to its purpose. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

The Princess of the Purple Palace, by William Murray Graydon, is a boys' story of the siege of the Pekin Legations. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.10.)

What's This?

SAN FRANCISCO seems to be lacking in respect for some of the ways of our friends, the doctors.

Listen to this!

One trouble with our Board of Health is that its members are doctors, and as such attempt to carry into the public service the autocratic habits and bearing acquired in their private practice. They are accustomed to give arbitrary orders to be executed at other people's expense, and to insist on absolute obedience, regardless of cost. How unnecessary and foolish many of these orders must be is well known to all who at any time in their lives have contracted the unfortunate habit of consulting one doctor after another for their ailments. It is unnecessary to say that no one ever found two successive doctors who prescribed the same remedies or gave the same directions. When doctors meet in consultation they fight these things out in secret, and in the end present a united front.

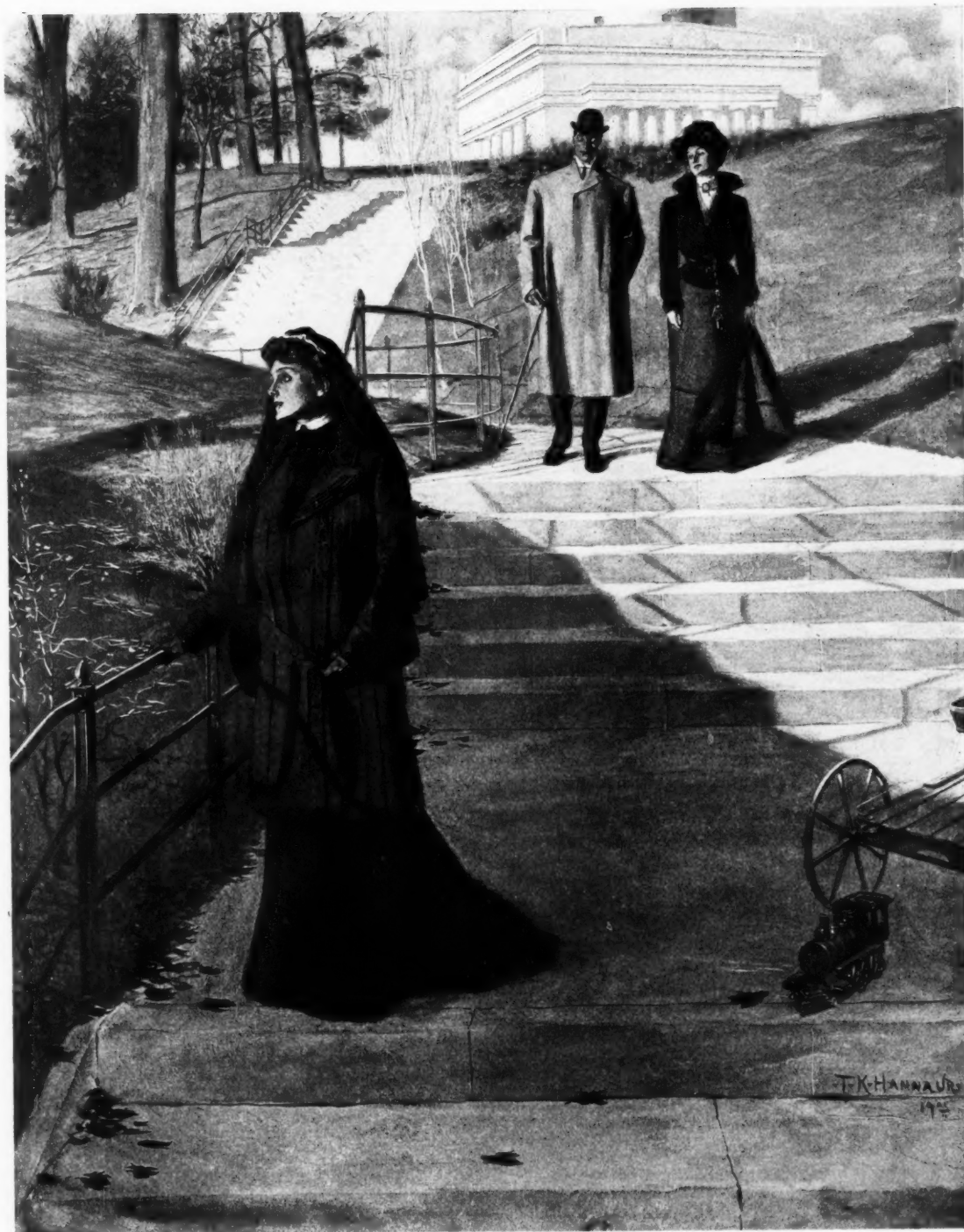
—Vaccination.

WILLIE: If both take what does not belong to them, what is the difference between a second-story man and a millionaire?

FATHER: My son, it is one thing to be a thief and another to know how to steal.



"DO YOU SERVE LOBSTERS HERE?"
"YES, SIR. WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?"



He: POOR GIRL! WAS HER HUSBAND BLOWN UP, RUN OVER BY AN AUTOMOBILE, OR KILLED IN A RAILROAD WRECK?
She: I DON'T REMEMBER THE DETAILS. ONE CAN'T KEEP TRACK OF HOW THOSE NEW YORKERS GO.

Life's Anecdote Contest.

NUMBER 39.

COUNT BEUST, Aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, congratulated Bismarck at Versailles on January 15th, 1871, on the excellent relations existing between the German Chancellor and his namesake, Count Beust, the Austrian Minister.

"Yes," said Bismarck, "that is all very well; but it always reminds me of the story of the elater who, in falling from a tower, remarked as he passed each story, 'All's well, so far!'" — *Conversations with Prince Bismarck*. Collected by Heinrich Von Poschinger. Harper and Brothers, 1900.

NUMBER 40.

"Several years ago, there labored in one of the Western villages of Minnesota, a preacher who was always in the habit of selecting his texts from the Old Testament, and particularly some portion of the history of Noah. No matter what the occasion was, he would always find some parallel incident from the history of this great character that would readily serve as a text or illustration.

"At one time he was called upon to unite the daughter of the village mayor and a prominent attorney in the holy bonds of matrimony. Two little boys, knowing his determination to give them a portion of the sacred history touching Noah's marriage, hit upon the novel idea of pasting together two leaves in the family Bible so as to connect, without any apparent break, the marriage of Noah and the description of the Ark of the Covenant.

"When the noted guests were all assembled and the contracting parties with attendants in their respective stations, the preacher began the ceremonies by reading the following text: 'And when Noah was one hundred and forty years old, he took unto himself a wife' (then turning the page he continued) 'three hundred cubits in length, fifty cubits in width, and thirty cubits in depth, and within and without besmeared with pitch.' The story seemed a little strong, but he could not doubt the Bible, and after reading it once more and reflecting a moment, he turned to the startled assemblage with these remarks: 'My beloved brethren, this is the first time in the history of my life that my attention has been called to this important passage of the Scriptures, but it seems to me that it is one of the most forcible illustrations of that grand eternal truth, that the nature of woman is exceedingly difficult to comprehend.' — *From Star-light Messenger*. Published by the "Literary Circle" at St. Peter, Minn., 1895.

NUMBER 41.

George the First, on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and while the horses were getting ready, he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and charged two hundred florins.

"How is this?" said his Majesty. "Eggs must be very scarce in this place."

"Pardon me," said the host; "eggs are plenty, but kings are scarce." The King smiled and ordered the

money to be paid. — *From Cyclopaedia of Wit and Wisdom*. S. Johnson and Son, Manchester, England, 1845.

Relating to Thorndike.



DEATH and Science still work merrily together. From the *Zoophilist*, of London, we cut the following. The *Zoophilist* took it, with proper credit, from the *Journal*, of Central Falls, R. I. It is "good stuff," and two voyages across the Atlantic have not damaged it.

Professor Thorndike, of the Western Reserve University, is a bright and shining light, a star of the first magnitude in the heaven of scientific ethics. With a blare of brass trumpets he proclaims his splendid discovery that animals have no continuous consciousness of pain.

The jolly fellow, who skinned his cat and dog and enjoyed their comical antics as they merrily scampered around his yard until death robbed the fun-loving man of his amusement, was therefore innocent of any particular wrong, because, as Thorndike sagely informs us, animals have no continued consciousness of pain. How nice such scientific knowledge must be for the sportive man who

gives his half-starved horse his daily beatings and so frequently whangs and bangs his half-fed oxen with the cart-stake!

We are sorry to say, however, that the public looks upon Professor Thorndike, not as the discovering Columbus of a new scientific continent, but as a cold-blooded wretch who is endeavoring to cloak his fiendish crimes with the wrap of false science. However, the truly great and good are seldom appreciated.

Also in the *Zoophilist*, which seems to be furnishing us with items from our own papers this week, we see that

Our American contemporary, the *Animals' Defender*, says that Professor Dickson, of Yale, has lately, at Indian Creek, Colo., cut a rattlesnake and an adder in two and sewed the rear half of the latter to the front half of the former. The composite snake continued to live, to the edification of its medical observers. Further entertainment was then afforded by the introduction into the cage of a live rabbit, which the snake was allowed to bite. The rabbit swelled up and, after an hour's suffering, died. How the humane and merciful vivisectioners do work and suffer for the "benefit of humanity"!



ACC. TO JOHN BULL.



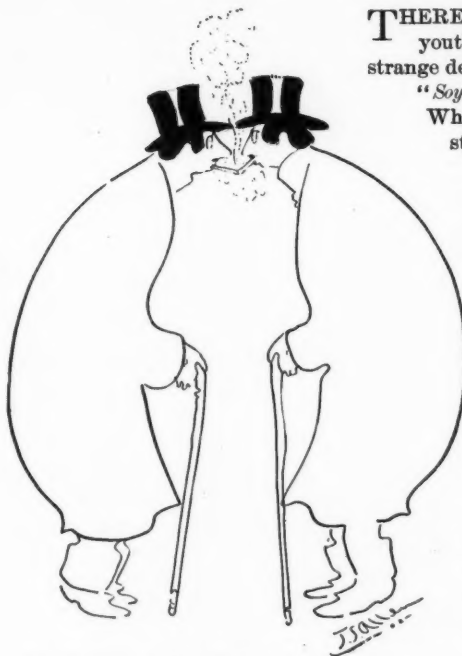
ENTERING THE METROPOLIS

BY THE N. Y. CENTRAL.

Here's
to you,
Brother Henry,
Prince of Batten-
berg, wie gehts! We'll
welcome you with weiner
wurst and other classic fêtes
Our financiers will ogle you and
give you tips galore, and tell
you many pretty tales you never
heard before. Reporters will climb
over you, they'll dog you night and
day, and tell just how you eat and
breathe, and what you *didn't* say. Our
statesmen and diplomatists and poli-
ticians, too, will each man fight for pre-
cedence in toadying to you. With rapture
keen Society will quiver to its base, and
"hot air" will be blown at you from
every lofty place. We'll jerk you here
and pull you there, you won't have time
to think; we'll wine you and we'll dine
you. Oh, you'll never sleep a wink.
We'll sound the horn and pound the
drum and smile upon you bland, all
aided by your countrymen, "Dot
Leetle German Band." We'll bow be-
fore your august beard that's trimmed
to fit the breeze, and great and small
and short and tall, your presence we
will seize upon to show that high and
low, though "Freedom!" be our cry, we
yet lie down before a crown, though none
may know just why. Each other we will

fall all over
just because
'tis you, the
brother
of an
Emperor,
who rises
to our
view. So
here's to
you, dear
Henry,
may you
linger here
until of
aping and
of gaping
we have
had our
Yankee
fill!

Tom Masson.



"HEAR ABOUT POOR ASTORBIT?"

"NO."

"HIS FATHER'S CUT HIM OFF WITH ONLY FIVE BILLIONS."

Strenuous.

THERE passed through the village a youth who bore a banner with this strange device:

"*Soyons du Siècle!*"

When the maiden hinted at him stopping and resting his face and hands, the youth laughed bitterly.

"No," said he. "If I do, how shall I read all the important new books, to say nothing of attending all the Expositions?"

And after all, what was it to be merely happy, in comparison with being thoroughly up to the times?

The Regular Thing.

"YES, sir, I've traveled one thousand miles on that automobile without an accident."

"Do you mean to say you have run over no one, broken no bones nor wrecked any vehicles?"

"But those are not accidents."





WE NOT

ERA BOXES OCCUPANTS COULD STILL BE SEEN, BUT NOT HEARD.

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HISTORIC BITS.

THE OLD BELLRINGER SAT GLOOMILY SHAKING HIS HEAD, MUTTERING: "THEY'LL NEVER DO IT—THEY'LL NEVER DO IT."
JUST THEN THE BOY BURST UP FROM BELOW WITH THE LATEST NEWS OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, AND SHOUTED: "RING—RING!"

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—"Under Two Flags." Military and melodramatic. Spectacular.

Bijou.—Amelia Bingham and company in "The Climbers." Clever play of American family life.

Broadway.—Gorgeous spectacle, "The Beauty and the Beast." Funny and melodious.

Criterion.—Mrs. Leslie Carter as *Du Barry*. Elaborate production of an interesting play.

Daly's.—Last weeks of "Frocks and Frills." Clever and amusing.

Empire.—Last week of "The Wilderness." Pleasing comedy well acted.

Garrick.—"A Message from Mars" is nearing the close of its long engagement. Well worth seeing.

Herald Square.—"Dolly Varden." Pretty comic opera, with Lulu Glaser in the title rôle.

Knickerbocker.—Comic opera, "The Toreador." Not likely to set the East River on fire.

Lyceum.—Annie Russell in "The Girl and the Judge." Diverting comedy well acted.

Manhattan.—Mr. Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon in "Her Lord and Master." Notice later.

Madison Square.—Double bill, consisting of "Sweet and Twenty" and "Romanesques." Not remarkable.

Republic.—Henrietta Crossman in "Mistress Nell." Clever play well presented.

Savoy.—Clyde Fitch's "The Way of the World." Society play. Fairly interesting.

Victoria.—Primrose and Dockstader's negro minstrels.

Wallack's.—Mr. Kyrie Bellew in "A Gentleman of France." Romantic melodrama well acted.

Weber and Fields's Music Hall.—Vaudeville and burlesque. Amusing but expensive.

Play.

"BRITISH fair play," sneered the Boer, with a bitter laugh, "is about on a par with British gun play!"

BIGHEAD: Remarkable man, that Jones.

GAYBOY: In what way?

"He has failed in so many ways, that from the point of view of having experience, his life is a success."



REASSURED.

Timid Maiden: PARDON ME, SIR, BUT CAN YOU ASSURE ME THAT THE ICE IS QUITE SOLID?



"WHY, CERTAINLY——"

Society.

PARVENU PLUMPP says the presence of a Royal Prince is just what this country needs. He says there is too little reverence among Americans for holy things.

Mrs. Golden Shamm shook hands and had a long talk with the Prince! So did Leeds Thegang and Mrs. O. Helwyth Manners! Well! And he is going to lunch with the Innittor Dedds! His Imperial Highness seemed much impressed by Mr. Synchron Koppa.

It is rumored that Prince Henry is seriously in love with Tissie Boodle, the only child of Burstyngside Boodle. Isn't that exciting? Wouldn't it be just too lovely for anything to have a Royal Prince marry an American girl? And what an honor to this country! Tissie will inherit about nine hundred trillions.

A Possible Page of History.

Of course destiny encountered resistance.

Particularly in the British Isles, the hardy Anglo-Saxons long defied the victorious Slav.

It was not until their women and children were gathered in stockades and starved to death, that these brave but obstinate people were subdued.

There was some murmuring at St. Petersburg against such rigorous measures, but the Government stood firm, and was well supported, on the whole, by the Nation.

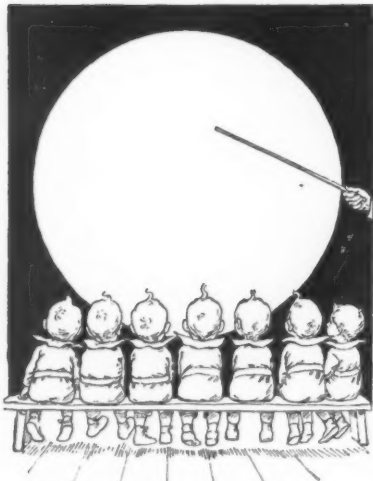


"OH, THANKS, SIR! YOU WERE EXCEEDINGLY KIND TO DEMONSTRATE IT SO GRACEFULLY."

The Twentieth Century Primer.

(AFTER EUGENE FIELD.)

THE CHAUFFEUR.



AH, here is a Chauffeur. A Chauffeur is a man who Rides in an Automobile. Sometimes he Rides as Fast as forty miles an Hour. And then He stops and does not go at all. See the Frown on the Chauffeur's Brow. He has run over Some one, and it has put His Machine out of Order. No wonder He frowns. It may take Him Two Hours to fix His Auto-

motive. Naughty Child to get in His Way.

THE BROADWAY CAR.

See the Broadway Car. It is Full of People. People are hanging on the Sides, and Others are in the Distance, waving their Hands frantically. Will They be Allowed to Get on? I trow not. The Man in Front is a Motorman. See the Smile on His Face. He is having a Good Time. So is the Conductor having a Good Time. He likes to Ring the Bell when he sees any one Waving. It always Makes the Car go Faster. Are the People having a Good Time? No. They are not. This is a Broadway Car.

THE LOVERS.

Let us Look at these two People Sitting on a Sofa. One is a Young Man, and the Other is a Young Woman. How they Act! Is the Young Man trying to kiss the Young Woman? Yes. And Will He Succeed? We Believe He Will, because The Young Woman is trying to Help Him. What a pretty Picture it makes. Would You not like to be there, in the Young Man's Place? Of course You would.

THE COAL CART.

Here is a Coal Cart. Take a good Look at it, for it is worth looking at. The Coal Cart is full of Coal. There is a Man on top of the Coal Cart. How fat He is! He must weigh two hundred pounds. He Looks Happy. That is because he is being Weighed. The coal in the cart does not weigh two tons, but it does with the Man on it. It is a Great Thing to be a Fat Man when you are in the Coal Business.

THE DINNER.

What is all this Murmur? It is Conversation. And what are these People doing? They are eating a Dinner. See the Viands. See the Wine Bottles. What are the People Talking about? They are trying to be Witty. And are they Succeeding? Not on Your life. At each end of the Table are the Host and

Hostess. They are giving the Dinner because they feel Obligated to. After it is over They will be Much Relieved. So will the Guests.

THE ARMY.

Here is an Army marching. How Nice the Soldiers Look. The Officers are so Handsome. They are British officers, and are all Well-connected. In the distance are a few kopjes, but the British Army is not afraid of Kopjes. What is that Funny Sound? It is a bullet. Some one has been hit. It is an Officer. Hello, there are more Bullets. See the Army now. How it runs. It is Demoralized. Tomorrow the General in Command will write a Despatch. It will begin As Usual, "With much regret—" T. M.

In Hopes.

"SINCE I've made my pile, doctor, I've gotten so I can't eat a thing."

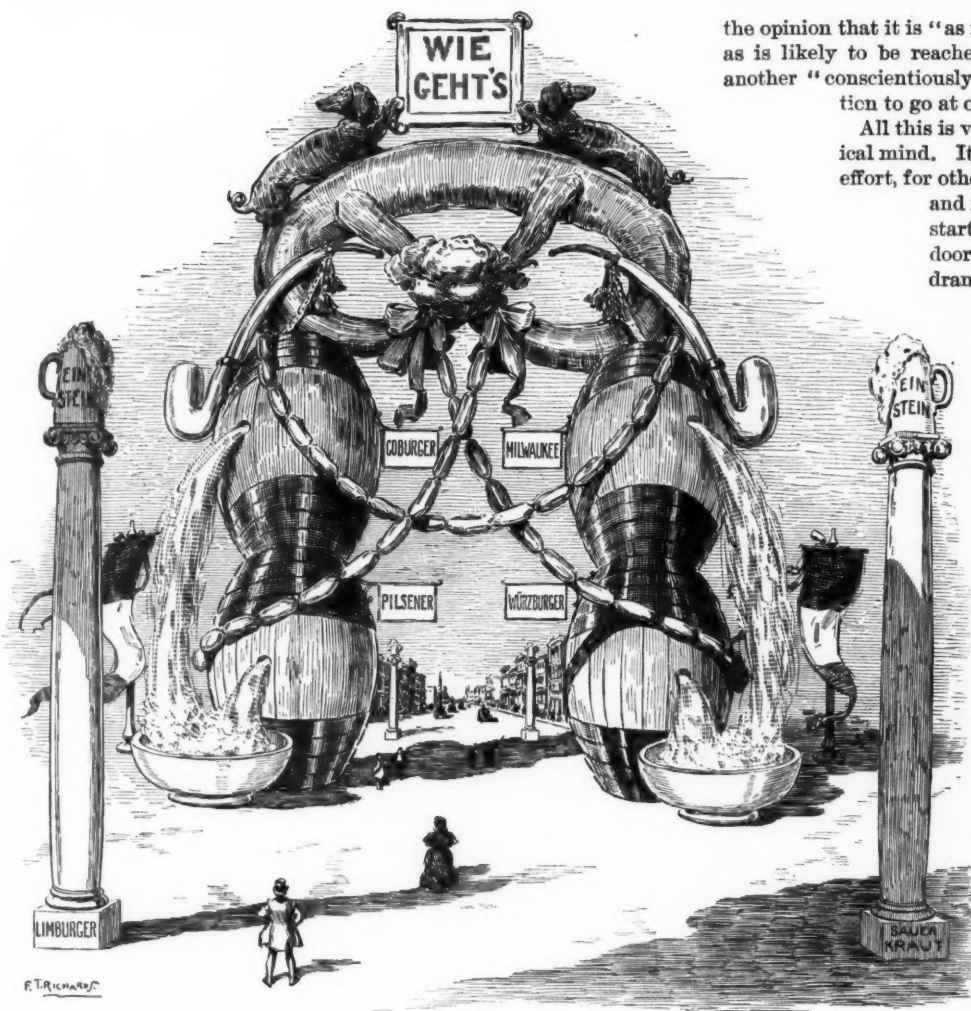
"Well, sir, I think I can place you where you were before."

"PAPA, what is the Eastern question?"
"How much have you got?"



"THE TORTURES OF THE DAMNED."

SATAN READS "WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE THEATRES" TO MME. DU BARRY AND MESSALINA.



BEER IS THICKER THAN WATER.

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IT is the golden age of advertising, and every day offers fresh proofs of ingenuity. A neat little book has been compiled, and widely circulated. Its mission is to assure laymen that the clergy endorse "The Bonnie Brier Bush," and sanction its performance. Twenty pastors and one pastoress have written enthusiastic letters, expressing their delight at this moral performance, and incidentally thanking the management for sending them their tickets. Their language has all the innocent elation of a school-girl, fresh from a matinée. They pronounce the Rail-yard drama "simply beautiful," and "a lovely sweet play." They enjoy "every minute, from start to finish,"—fortunate creatures! They gravely assert that its spectators "will receive a moral and spiritual uplift." They congratulate the leading actor on having had "religious experience." One reverend gentleman is of

the opinion that it is "as near to the point of perfection as is likely to be reached by any modern play;" and another "conscientiously recommends" his congregation to go at once and see it.

All this is very interesting to the unclerical mind. It opens a wide field of future effort, for other managers will naturally try and follow so good a lead. It was startling last winter to see at the door of a theatre, in which a rural drama of the baked beans and doughnut type was being performed, a life-sized poster of a clergyman with his arm stretched in exhortation, while underneath was quoted his exuberant eulogy of the play. But by this time we have grown accustomed to such innovations. It would be but a fair requital if the grateful actors would say a few words on Saturday nights in praise of the sermons which their clerical supporters are going to preach the next day. One good turn manifestly deserves another. *Agnes Repplier.*

"BUT the oysters in your bay are not very large, are they?" said the California man.

"Large?" retorted the man from Fair Haven, as he ground his teeth with a sound like a nutmeg grater, "why, they're so large that we stuff them with turkeys!"

SOME men, on the other hand, aim higher than Providence designed them ever to be fired, and the recoil puts them out of action.



A FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

• LIFE •



SOME NOTABLE YOUNG PEOPLE.

The following is an interesting list of notable people of the world under the age of forty years, and the dates on which their birthdays occur:

FORTY.

Charles M. Schwab, April 18.
John Kendrick Bangs, May 27.
May Irwin.
Laura Jean Libby, March 22.
Peter Newell, March 5.
Ella W. Peattie, January 15.
James T. Powers.
Edith Wharton.
Mary E. Wilkins.
George B. Cortelyou, July 26.
Walter Damrosch, January 30.

THIRTY-NINE.

Amelie Rives (Chanler) (Troubetskoy), August 23.
Frederick W. Macmonnies, September 20.
Camille D'Arville.
"Anthony Hope," February 9.
A. T. Quiller-Couch, November 21.
Pietro Mascagni, September 7.

THIRTY-EIGHT.

Frances Folsom Cleveland.
Richard Harding Davis.
I. Zangwill.

THIRTY-SEVEN.

Gen. Frederick Funston, November 9.
Rudyard Kipling, December 30.

THIRTY-SEVEN.

Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, March 24.
Minnie Maddern Fiske.
Clyde Fitch, May 2.
Paul Leicester Ford.
Plunkett Greene, June 24.
George, Prince of Wales, January 3.

THIRTY-SIX.

George Ade, February 9.
Emma Calvé.
Melba.
Edwin Gould, February 25.

THIRTY-FIVE.

C. D. Gibson, September 14.
Emma Eames (Story), August 13.
Finley Peter Dunne, July 10.
"John Oliver Hobbes," November 3.

THIRTY-FOUR.

Hy. Mayer, July 18.
William Faversham, February 17.
Helen Gould, June 20.
Edmund Rostand.

THIRTY-THREE.

Ernest Pelxotto, October 15.
Annie Russell.
Booth Tarkington, July 29.
James K. Hackett, September 6.

THIRTY-TWO.

Richmond Pearson Hobson, August 17.
Mary Johnston, November 21.

THIRTY-TWO.

Julia Marlowe, August 17.
Olga Nethersole, January 18.

THIRTY-ONE.

Winston Churchill, November 10.
Isabel Irving, February 28.
Mme. Gadske, June 15.
Della Fox.

THIRTY.

Maude Adams, November 11.

TWENTY-NINE.

Howard Chandler Christy, January 10.
Blanche Walsh, January 4.

TWENTY-SEVEN.

Marconi, September 23.

TWENTY-SIX.

Mary Manning, April 29.

TWENTY-FIVE.

Santos-Dumont.

TWENTY-TWO.

Queen Wilhelmina, August 31.

SIXTEEN.

Alfonso XIII., of Spain, May 17.—*Baltimore News.*

"HAVE you had time to read that popular novel that you're going to dramatize?"

"Why in the world should I read it?" demanded the dramatist. "All that's needed to make it go is the title and the names of the principal characters, and if I read it I might inadvertently get in some of the incidents and thus spoil a good play."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

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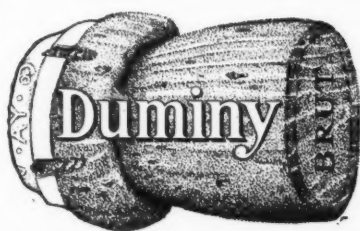
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. LIFE .

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"Yes, indeed," said Senator Sorghum. "If you don't look sharp, they'll charge you three or four times as much as they are worth."—*Washington Star*.

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So many persons are operated upon every day that it is becoming quite a distinction to go to the grave all in one piece.—*Atchison Globe*.

WIGG: What a beautiful nose she has.

WAGG: Yes, that's her scenter of attraction.

—*Philadelphia Record*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"WHAT is the origin of Cinderella?"

"It is a legend of Chicago."—*Schoolmaster*.

VANBIBBER: Who got the annual booby prize in the automobile Club?

VANPELT: Slowgo; he ran over only fourteen people during 1901.—*Ohio State Journal*.

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"RHODE ISLAND," said the little girl, "is celebrated for being the only one of the United States that is the smallest."

—*Youth's Companion*.

PATIENCE: Did you enjoy the drama last night?

PATRICE: Enjoy it! I should just say I did! Why, I cried nearly the whole time!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER well known in the cycle trade on both sides of the Atlantic adds this to the collection of jokes on newly made happy fathers:

The hero is the manufacturer of the wheel which the narrator sells. Being compelled to go away on a business trip about the time an interesting domestic event was expected, he left orders for the nurse to wire him results according to the following formula:

If a boy, "Gentleman's safety arrived."

If a girl, "Lady's safety arrived."

The father's state of mind may be imagined when, a few days later, he received a telegram containing the one word:

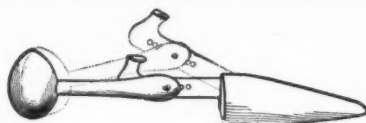
"Tandem."—*The Denver News*.

A PROUD EXHIBIT.

Forty-two years is a short space of time in which to accumulate a fund up in the hundreds of millions. Yet that is the record of the Equitable, which publishes to-day its 42nd annual statement for the year 1901. The gross assets accumulated by the Society now amount to \$331,039,720. The Surplus held for the benefit of its policyholders is now \$71,129,042—a large increase over the amount at the beginning of the year. The Society relies on this large sum of Surplus to protect the business against any disaster, and prides itself on the fact that it has long been the "Strongest in the World." The character of its Assets is of the best, as can be seen from examination of the exhibit of different items in the statement. The Income amounts to \$64,374,006; annual amount of dividends to policyholders has increased to \$3,742,550, and the amount of new business written was \$245,912,087. The Society closes its year with assurance in Force of \$1,179,276,725 and prospects of increases in the future.



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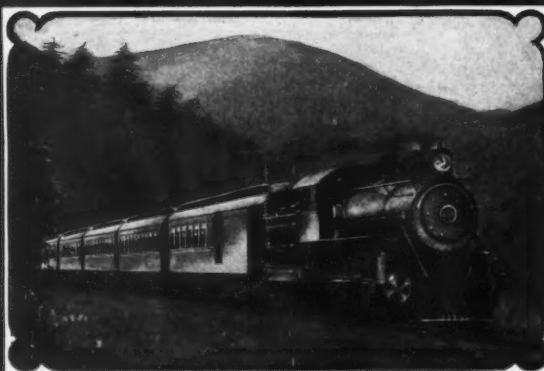


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Proctor's, Newark, has sprung into immediate popularity. The high-class programmes of refined vaudeville have struck the public fancy, and the theatre is packed to the limit of its capacity twice each week day. The bargain matinees, when 25 cents buys any seat in the orchestra or balcony, are especially popular.

Continuous vaudeville at the Twenty-third Street is always made up of the best acts obtainable. The greatest foreign and American features are presented at all times, and laughing acts predominate. This house was New York's first home of the "continuous," and the shows are now the best Manager Proctor has ever presented there.

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